



# BATMAN

IN THIS ISSUE:

*"Dick Grayson,  
AUTHOR!"*

NO, NO, BATMAN!  
YOUR **LEFT** FIST!  
I'VE ALREADY  
**WRITTEN** IT  
THAT WAY!



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WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for  
**HIPPOPOTAMUS,**

AND WHEN HE FINISHES  
HIS SWALLOW,  
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS  
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN  
HAVE THE OTHERS  
BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



- ON THE COVER OF  
**STAR-SPANGLED  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN ANY  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

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# BAT MAN

WITH

BIN

ORDER -

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT NO MATTER HOW FAR A CAT DROPS, SHE ALWAYS LANDS ON HER FEET. CERTAINLY IT WOULD SEEM TRUE OF THAT TIGRESS-QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN! FOR HERE, IN THIS TALE, THE FEMALE SPITFIRE APPARENTLY BEARS A CHARMED LIFE AS SHE RETURNS FROM OBLIVION AND BARES HER CLAWS AT BATMAN AND ROBIN TO COMMIT CRIMES THAT ARE AS SMOOTH AND DARK AS BLACK VELVET. YES, EVEN THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF ADMITTING THAT—

**"NINE LIVES HAS THE Catwoman!"**



NEW INMATES ARRIVE AT THE STATE WOMAN'S PRISON, AMONG THEM ONE WHO IS CONSPICUOUS FOR HER EXOTIC BEAUTY HER FELINE GRACE...

CAREFUL, DEARIE... DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR LONG CLAWS!

HEE! HEE!

YES, IT IS THAT NOTORIOUS BANDIT PRINCESS - THE CATWOMAN!

NOW THE LEFT HAND, PLEASE!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS... IT AIN'T EVERY DAY THEY GET A PAW-PRINT!

HEE! HEE!

YOU WILL WEAR THESE CLOTHES NOW! ALL PERSONAL EFFECTS WILL BE KEPT FOR YOU UNTIL YOUR RELEASE!

PLEASE... I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK...

MAY I KEEP THIS LOCKET? IT HAS MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. SHE DIED WHEN I WAS SO YOUNG... IT'S ALL I HAVE...

HM... WELL... ALL RIGHT!

THAT NIGHT, THE CATWOMAN ENGAGES THE PRISON MATRON IN CONVERSATION, SUBTLY DRAWING ATTENTION TO HER LOCKET...

WHAT KIND OF STONE IS THAT?

IT COMES FROM CEYLON! THE GEM IS CALLED A CATSEYE!

CLOSER, CLOSER, THE CATWOMAN BRINGS THE STRANGE CRYSTAL! HER VOICE BECOMES SOFT, DEEP-THROATED - A CATS PURR!

SEE... SEE THE OPALESCENT REFLECTIONS FROM WITHIN... SEE HOW IT SHINES LIKE A CATS EYE...





THERE IS NO RESISTING THE GEM'S UNEARTHLY BLAZE... CATWOMAN'S HYPNOTIC, PURRRING VOICE...

LOOK AT THE CATSEYE... DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT... NOW, TAKE YOUR KEYS AND OPEN MY CELL DOOR...

YES... THE KEYS... DOOR...

THUS, BY EMPLOYING THE GEM THAT IS HER NAMESAKE, THE CATWOMAN ESCAPES JAIL!

BUT CATWOMAN'S RETURN TO HER UNDERWORLD MOB IS NOT SO SUCCESSFUL...

WELL, BOYS, NOW THAT I'M FREE WE CAN PULL SOME BIG JOBS!  
SORRY, CATWOMAN, BUT YOU'RE THROUGH!

THE BATMAN ALWAYS STOPS YOU COLD!

LATER...

I NEED THE BOYS IF I EXPECT TO REBUILD MY CRIME EMPIRE! I'VE GOT TO REGAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE... BUT HOW?

PURRR-RR-RR!  
PURRR-RR-RR!

OF COURSE! HECAETE, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! THE UNDERWORLD IS SUPERSTITIOUS - SO I WILL PROVE TO THEM THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED!

PURRR-RR-RR!  
PURRR-RR-RR!

WITH THE HELP OF TWO STILL FAITHFUL GANGSTERS, CATWOMAN BUILDS HERSELF A NEW HIDEOUT - THE CAT-ACOMBE!

IT'S A PERFECT MAZE... A LABYRINTH OF PASSAGEWAYS... AND I ALONE KNOW THE ONLY EXIT!

THAT NIGHT - A MEETING WITH HER FORMER MENCHMEN...

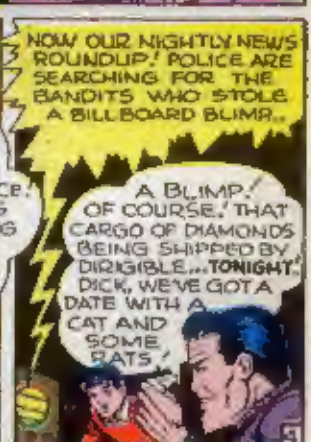
I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO PROVE THAT I CAN'T BE KILLED - THAT I HAVE NINE LIVES LIKE THE LEGENDARY LIVES OF A CAT!

HA! HA!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

HUH?







SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOUDY NIGHT-SKY OVER GOTHAM CITY, A DIRIGIBLE RIDES THE WIND... WHEN A TINY BALLOON SAILS NEAR...

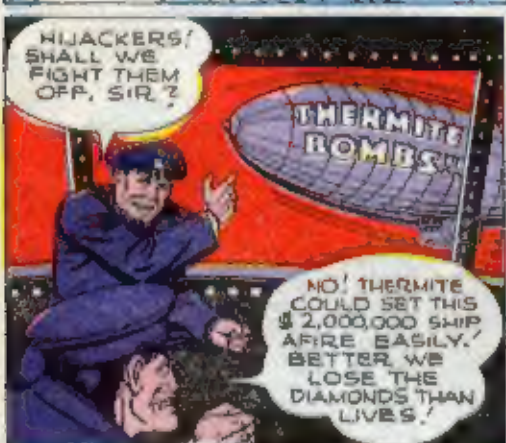


LOOK, SIR... A BILLBOARD BLIMP. I WONDER WHAT IT'S ADVERTISING?

IT ADVERTISES— CRIME! FOR, THE FLASHING NEON SIGNS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY PRODUCE ANY COMBINATION OF LETTERS, SPELL OUT...



HIJACKERS! SHALL WE FIGHT THEM OFF, SIR?



NO! THERMITE COULD SET THIS \$2,000,000 SHIP AFIRE EASILY. BETTER WE LOSE THE DIAMONDS THAN LIVES.

THE DIRIGIBLE LOWERS A LADDER AND SECONDS LATER THE PIRATE PRINCESS AND TWO WIRELINERS CLAMBER UP LIKE GIANT CATS.



BUT UNOBSERVED AND BLENDING WITH THE NIGHT-SKY, SOMETHING DROPS STRAIGHT DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS: THE BAT-GYRO!

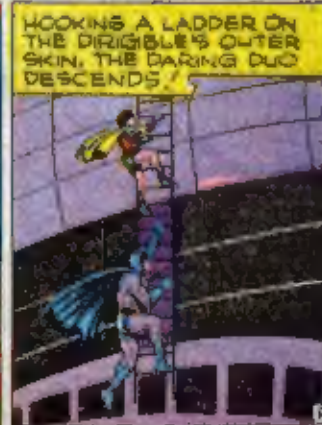


SIT TIGHT, ROBIN... WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SQUAT ON THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF.

THE LOCKS WILL KEEP THE BATGYRO LATCHED ONTO THE ROOF WHILE WE GO DOWN...



HOOKING A LADDER ON THE DIRIGIBLE'S OUTER SKIN, THE DARING DUO DESCENDS!



AND IN THE CARGO ROOM, THE CRIME-BUSTERS EXPLODE INTO ACTION!

HELLO, CATWOMAN! HOW'S THE AIR UP HERE?

BATMAN!

WE'VE BLOCKED THE DOOR! SHE CAN'T GET OUT! OH-OH! WATCH THESE TWO RATS... I'M GOING AFTER HER!

OKAY, BUT WATCH YOURSELF! SHE'S TRICKY!

PADDING SWIFTLY ALONG THE CATWALK, THE CATWOMAN SEEKS ESCAPE FROM HER RELENTLESS PURSUER!

LIKE A BOLT OF BLACK LIGHTNING SHE STREAKS UP THROUGH AN EMERGENCY HATCH SET IN THE DIRIGIBLE ROOF...

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT FEMALE SPITFIRE! SHE'S FAST!

AND NOW, SKY-HIGH, BATMAN AND CATWOMAN MEET AGAIN!

SORRY... BUT YOU'RE NOT SENDING ME TO JAIL AGAIN!

THEN IT HAPPENS! A STRONG CROSS-WIND HITS THE DIRIGIBLE AND—

UHHA...

LOOK OUT!





LATER... BATMAN IS STILL SHAKEN WITH THE HORROR OF CATWOMAN'S TRAGIC FALL...

BATMAN... UH... THE BANDITS IN THE BLIMP... WHEN THEY SAW THE CATWOMAN DROP, THEY CUT LOOSE AND ESCAPED!

SHE'S DEAD, ROBIN! SHE WAS A CRIMINAL— BUT SOMEHOW... WELL, NOW SHE'S DEAD!

NOT HER! THE CATWOMAN CAN'T DIE! SHE'S GOT SIX LIVES LEFT!

BUT PROVIDENCE... (OR PERHAPS THE LEGENDARY NINE LIVES OF A CAT!) DOES SAVE CATWOMAN... FOR SHE HAS LANDED IN WATER, AND EVEN NOW SWIMS TO SAFETY!



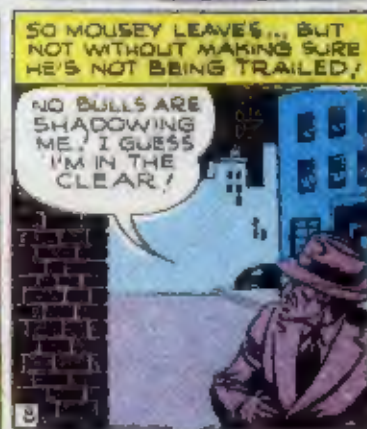
AND SO BEGINS A SERIES OF BANDIT ESCAPADES WITH CATWOMAN MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING DEATH EACH TIME. BUT IS SHE, IN REALITY, DRAWING UPON HER NINE LIVES, ONE AT A TIME ???



WELL, BRUCE, CATWOMAN IS STILL ALIVE — AND SCRATCHING!

IF ONLY I COULD LOCATE HER, NEW HIDEOUT... WAIT... I'VE AN IDEA — BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO LET COMMISSIONER GORDON IN ON IT!





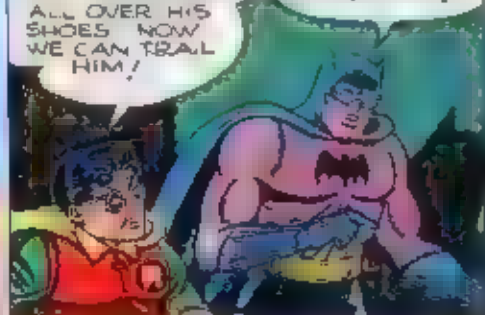


BUT UNKNOWN TO MOUSEY, HIS VERY FOOT STEPS LEAVE AN INVISIBLE TRAIL BEHIND - BECOMING VISIBLE AND GLOWING WHEN VIEWED WITH INFRA-RED FILTER LENSES!



PAINTING THE FLOOR AROUND THAT CHARACTER WITH INFRA-RED PAINT WAS A SLICK IDEA! MOUSEY GOT THE STUFF ALL OVER HIS SHOES NOW WE CAN TRAIL HIM!

THAT'S USING ONE OF THE CATWOMAN'S OWN MEN AS A DUPE-AS A CAT'S PAW!



LATER - THE OUTER COURTS OF TOWN.

END OF THE TRAIL LOOKS LIKE A CAVE

THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE CATWOMAN'S LAIR! COME ON!



BUT EVEN AS THEY ENTER AN IRON DOOR CLANGED DOWN BEHIND THEM SEEMING TO COME FROM NOWHERE YET FROM EVERYWHERE PURRING ONTENTEDLY...

GOOD EVENING BATMAN! NOW YOU TRAILED MY MAN I DON'T KNOW BUT YOU ARE IN HERE - AND YOU'LL STAY HERE!



CLANG!

THERE'S ONLY ONE EXIT AND I KNOW IT! I DEFY YOU TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT THE MAZE OF PASSAGEWAYS WILL CONFUSE YOU! YOUR BURIAL GROUND WILL BE FITTING THE CAT-ACOMBS!



THE CATWOMAN'S CATACOMBS! HOLY CATS!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. YOU CAN WRITE YOUR THESIS ON THE "CAT" CATCH PHRASES LATER!



THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THESE ARE THE MYTHICAL BREEK HERO, REMEMBER? WHEN HE WENT INTO THE LABYRINTH TO SLAY THE MINOTAUR, HE USED A PIECE OF SILK THREAD TO FIND HIS WAY OUT!

AND WE'VE GOT OUR SILKEN ROPES



AFTER TYING THEIR ROPES TOGETHER AND FASTENING ONE END IN THE STARTING CORRIDOR, THE DUO PLAYS OUT THE CORD BEHIND THEM AS THEY BEGIN EXPLORING.



CAREFULLY THEY SIZE UP EACH CORRIDOR, ALWAYS AVOIDING THOSE THE TRAILING ROPE IS IN.



NOT THROUGH THIS ONE, THERE'S PART OF THE ROPE.

WE'LL TRY FURTHER ON.

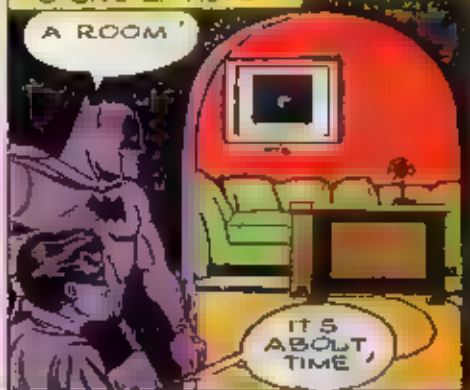
MINUTES CRAWL BY WITH TORTUROUS FINEAL PAUSE. FINALLY...



WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE'VE REACHED THE END OF OUR ROPE... AND I MEAN JUST THAT. START TEARING YOUR CAPE INTO LONG, THIN STRIPS.

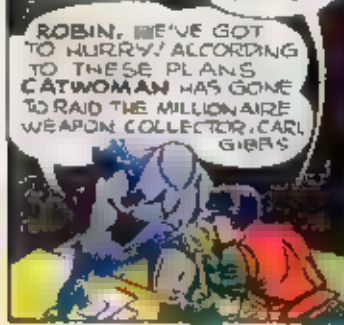
AT LAST, JUST AS THEY ARE READY TO GIVE UP HOPE.



A ROOM?

IT'S ABOUT TIME.

A MICROPHONE, PROBABLY HAD OUTLETS IN THE CORRIDORS, NO WONDER HER VOICE CAME FROM ALL OVER.



ROBIN, WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS CATWOMAN HAS GONE TO RAID THE MILLIONAIRE WEAPON COLLECTOR, CARL GIBBS.

AN EAGLE'S NEST PERCHED ON A HIGH PRICE OVERLOOKING A WATERFALL - THE HOME OF CARL GIBBS!



AND DARTING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, HER BODY POSED, HER EYES GLEAMING IN THE DARK - THE CATWOMAN!



LIKES TO KEEP HIS HOUSE NEAT DON'T HE?

WE'LL MAKE HIS HOUSE SO NEAT IT'LL BE EMPTY, COMON!



INSIDE 5 MILLIONAIRE GIBBS' PRICELESS COLLECTION OF WEAPONS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE WORLD FROM EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



THEN INTO THIS ROOM DRIFTS THE SLAVE, MENACING PURR OF THE TIGRESS QUEEN!



GOOD EVENING, NO ... DON'T MOVE UNLESS YOU WANT TO ADD SOME BULLETS TO YOUR COLLECTION!

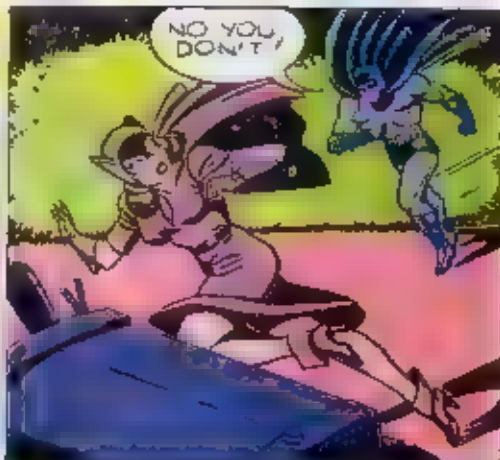


SUDDENLY THE CATWOMAN WHIRLS LIGHTLY AND WITH LONG ASILE BOUNDS CATAPULTS INTO THE NIGHT.

I CAN'T LET THEM CATCH ME! THAT TRACTOR... WE HEARD THEY CAN GO AS FAST AS 40 MILES PER HOUR



NO YOU DON'T!

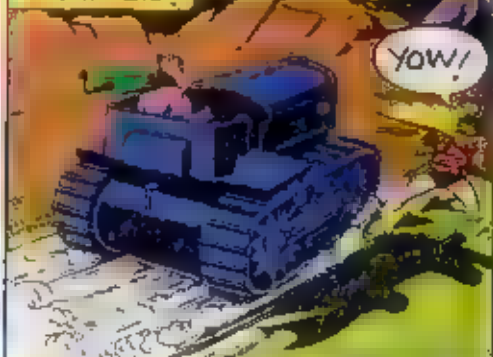


WANT TO BET I DO!

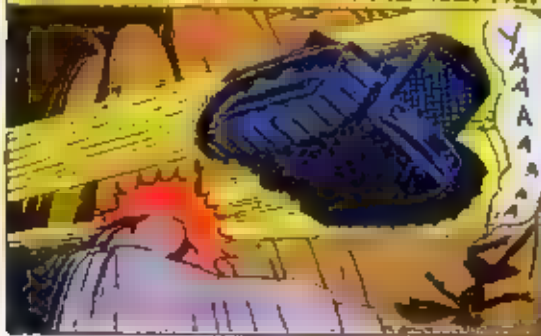


AND NOW THE CATWOMAN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE - IN A CATERPILLAR TRACTOR.

YOW!



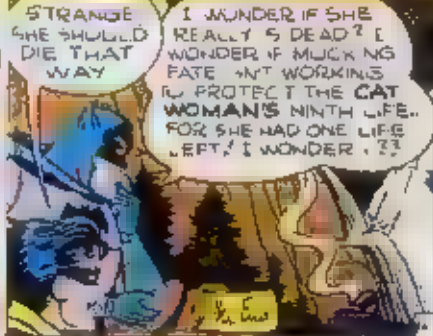
BUT EVEN THE CATWOMAN'S QUICK EYES DO NOT SPY THE HALF BURIED BOULDER IN HER PATH. THE TRACTOR IS SUDDENLY KICKED OFF BALANCE AND CATASTROPHE!



AND SO VERY FAR DOWN BELOW THE THUNDERING CATARACT WAITS FOR THE CATWOMAN!

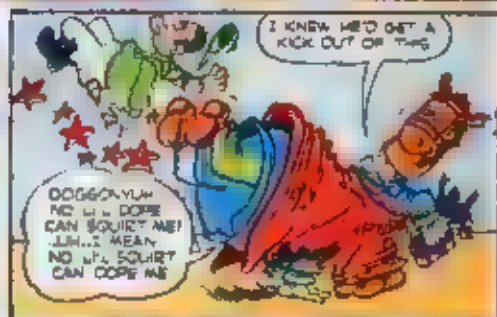
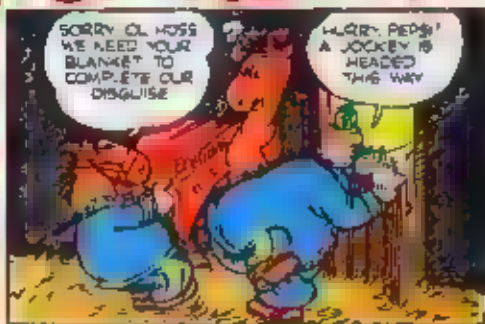
STRANGE SHE SHOULD DIE THAT WAY

I WONDER IF SHE REALLY IS DEAD? I WONDER IF MYUNG FATE WASN'T WORKING TO PROTECT THE CATWOMAN'S NINTH LIFE. FOR SHE HAD ONE LIFE LEFT, I WONDER...





# Advertisement "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



HERE GOES  
ANOTHER RECORD

WHERE'S THE REST  
OF THE PARADE?

NUMBER ONE IN  
THE NATIONAL  
LEAGUE HIT PARADE,  
OTT HAS WALKED  
810 HOMERS (210  
MORE THAN THE  
SECOND HIGH MAN)  
HE HAS HIT TWO  
HOMERS IN A SINGLE  
GAME 49 TIMES

OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR  
NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAM-  
PIONSHIPS EVERY TIME HE  
HITS A HOMER SCORES OR  
DRIVES IN A RUN DRAWS A  
WALK OR HITS FOR AN  
EXTRA BASE -- HE  
SENDS A LEAGUE  
RECORD ZOOMING

HE EVEN  
GETS A HIT AT  
BREAKFAST!

CHAMPION  
RECORD BREAK-  
ER OF THE  
NATIONAL LEAGUE  
IS THE OUT-  
FIELDER-MANAGER  
OF THE NEW  
YORK GIANTS

"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY  
BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE,  
WHEATIES -- BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."  
SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT "WHEATIES  
WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY  
HIT THE SPOT" A SWEET TRAINING DISH TOO!  
GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES,  
LOADED WITH THE KIND OF  
CHAMPION NUTRIS I WANT  
YOU CAN USE PLENTY OF

HERE'S  
HOW!

YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING  
FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE  
MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL  
CHAMPION?" ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN  
WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF  
SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES  
PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW  
TO GET YOUR BOOKS

WHEATIES  
Breakfast of  
Champions

CLIPPING  
To be  
cut  
out  
and  
sent  
to  
the  
Wheaties  
Company  
P.O. Box 100  
Chicago, Ill. 60601



# BATMAN

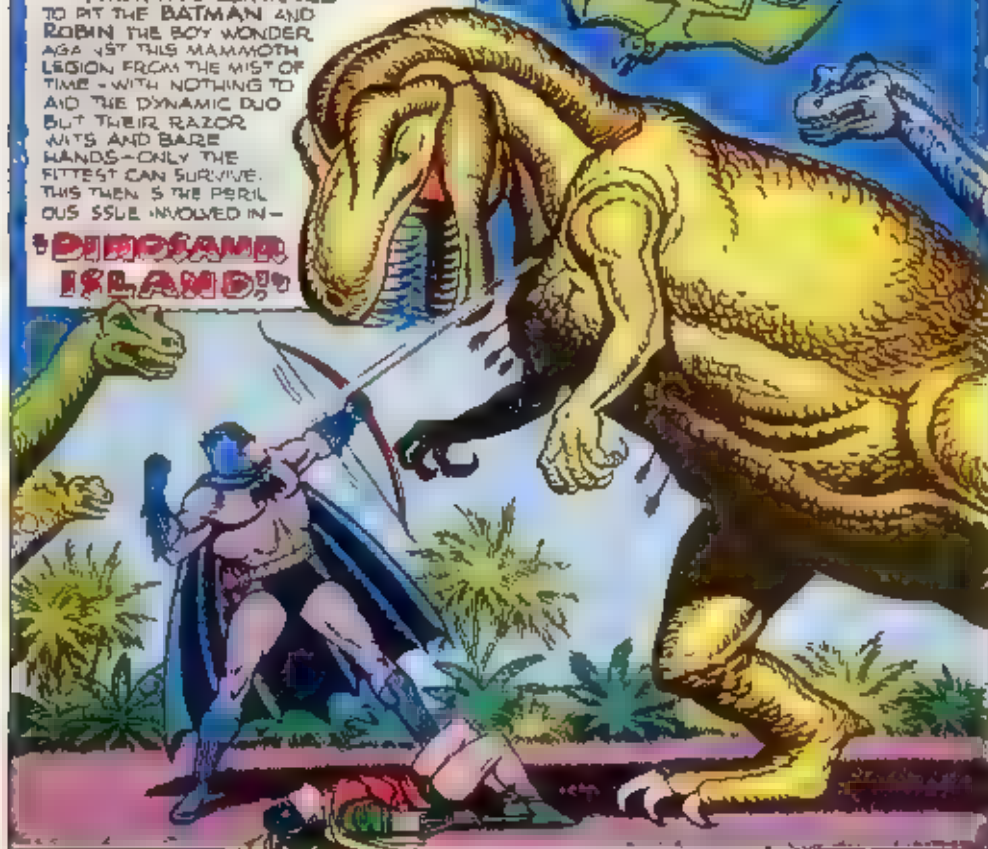
WITH  
**ROBIN**

WONDER-

AN ETERNITY OF TIME ASO LONG, LONG BEFORE THERE WERE PLANES, SKY-SCRAPERS AND RADIOS A HORDE OF GIANT MAMMALS AND REPTILES RULED THE EARTH. THESE PREHISTORIC CREATURES WERE THE WORLD'S FIRST OUTLAWS DEFEYING PUNY CAVE MAN BY DAY AND NIGHT.

WHEN FATE CONTRIVES TO PIT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER AGA JST THIS MAMMOTH LEGION FROM THE MIST OF TIME - WITH NOTHING TO AID THE DYNAMIC DUO BUT THEIR RAZOR WITS AND BARE HANDS - ONLY THE FITTEST CAN SURVIVE. THIS THEN, S THE PERIL OUS SSLE INVOLVED IN -

**"DINOSAUR  
ISLAND!"**



IN THE LUXURIOUS HOME OF MURRAY WILSON HART MANAGES TO SURVIVE AND GET OFF IN THE SPECTACULAR

MY NEXT SHOW IS A FACT OFFER C MUST BE TERRIFIC. I MEAN I'VE HAD AT LAST AN AQUA AGRUAL EYE WHICH I'VE HAD THAN MY RE ENT

YES MR HART

I'VE GOT 7 THIS IN LIGN YEAR OLD AND WITH THE JUST FLIGHT HERE F A GLACIER M INSPIRED

YES, MR HART

PRELIMINARY MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN WILSON'S ROOM AT THE PLEASANT HOTEL

MINUTES LATER AND A NEW MURRAY WILSON HART PRODUCTION IS UNDER WAY...

GANG DO YOU KNOW WHAT WERE THE BIGGEST THINGS THAT EVER TAKEN PLACE? THE DINOSAURS AND THEIR MATEERS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGES. I'M GOING TO REVIVE THEM - FORM NEXT SHOW WILL BE AN ISLAND FOR THIS SUPER SPECTACLE

WE'LL CALL IT DINOSAUR ISLAND!

YES, MR HART

A MINATURE MODEL OF DINOSAUR ISLAND IS MADE

I'LL HAVE THESE TAKEN ON THE NORTH SHORE

E ME... ME...

THE NEXT DAY

THE REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE ON "SIDE" FOR

OKAY BE RIGHT WITH THEM WHEN WE OXAY THESE SKETCHES!

LATER... A CUTTER CARRIES THE PRESS TO DINOSAUR ISLAND

DID YOU FIND THE DINOSAURS IN A FAST WORLD OR SOMETHING? WHAT'S THE NAME HART?

YOU'LL SEE IN JUST A FEW MINUTES



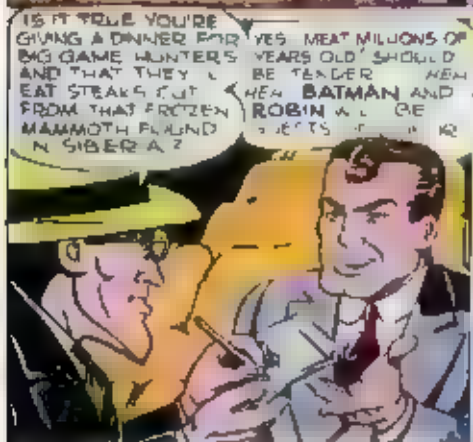


ROBOTS!

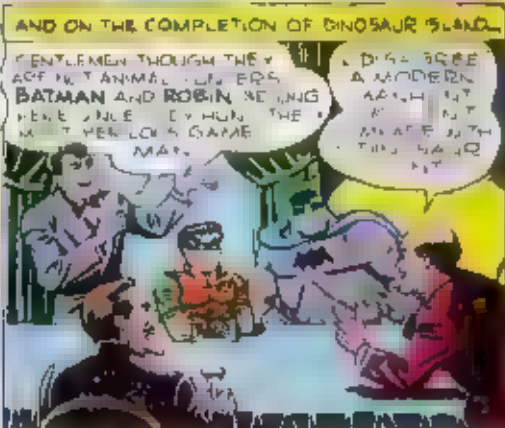
RIGHT! ELECTRICAL CONTROLS WILL RUN THEM. MY MECHANICAL MONSTERS ARE ALMOST SEEM ALIVE



UP THERE WILL BE ROBOT CA MEN AND WILL THROW ROCKS AND SPONGE AND PEAS OF CARDBOARD AT THEM



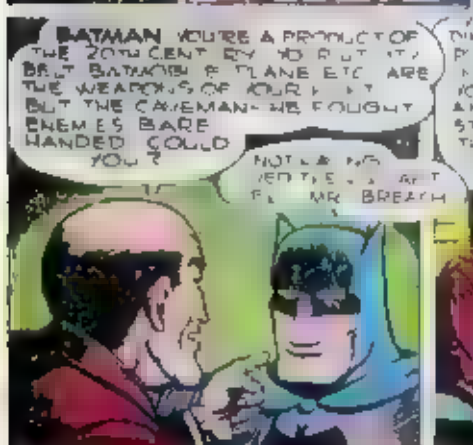
YES MEAT MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD SHOULD BE TENDER MEN BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE SUBJECTS



AND ON THE COMPLETION OF DINOSAUR ISLAND

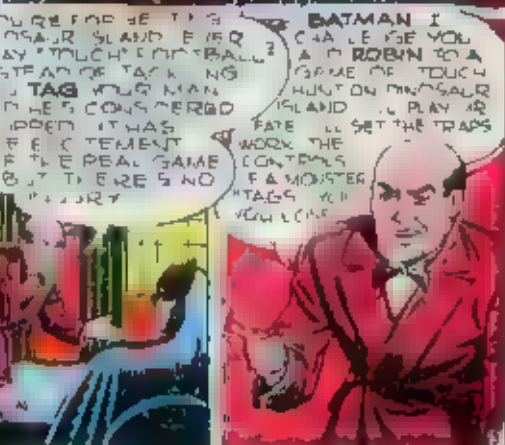
GENTLEMEN THOUGH THEY ARE NOT ANIMALS THEY ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN BEING HERE WHILE ENJOYING THE MOST WONDERFUL GAME

IT'S A MODERN ADVENTURE WITH THE LATEST



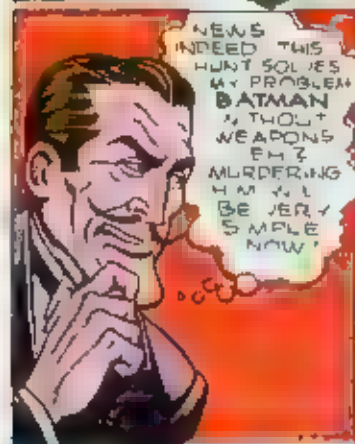
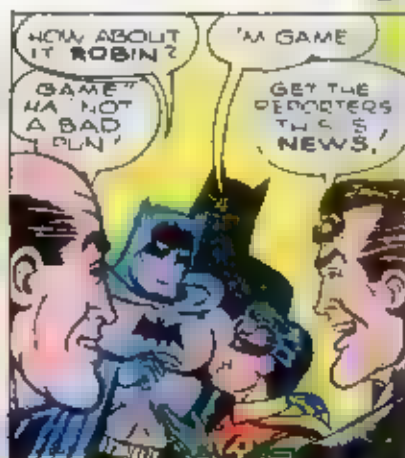
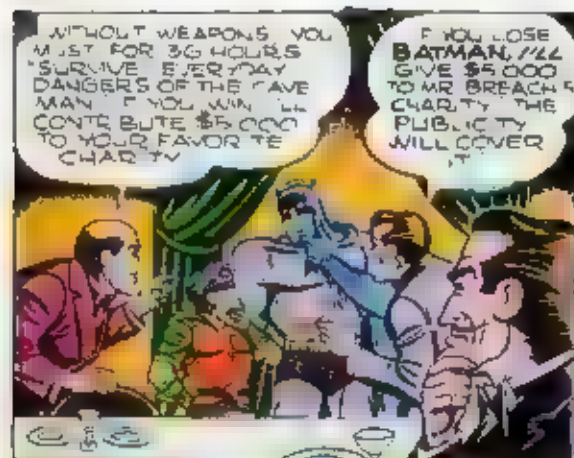
BATMAN YOU'RE A PRODUCT OF THE 20TH CENTURY NO BUT IT'S BATMAN'S PLANE ETC ARE THE WEAPONS OF YOUR FUTURE BUT THE CAVEMAN HE FOUGHT ENEMES BARE HANDED COULD YOU?

NOT A NO THE CAVEMAN GET MR BREATH

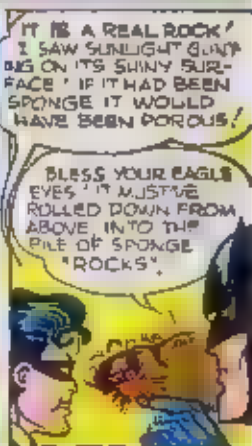


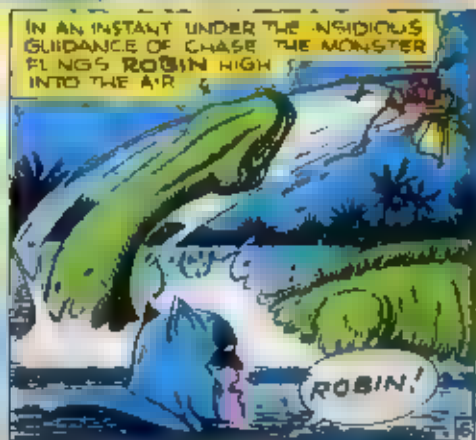
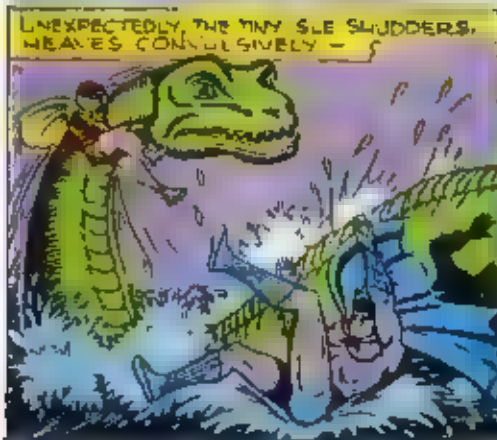
YOU'RE FORGETTING DINOSAUR ISLAND EVERYBODY PLAY TOUCH FOOTBALL? INSTEAD OF TAG NO YOU TAG YOUR MAN AND HE'S CONSIDERED STUPID IT HAS THE EXCITEMENT OF THE REAL GAME BUT THERE'S NO SPORT

BATMAN I CHALLENGE YOU A ROBIN TO A GAME OF TOUCH FOOT ON DINOSAUR ISLAND I'LL PLAY AR FATE I'LL SET THE TRAPS WORK THE CONTROLS FA MONSTER TAGS YOU YOU LOSE

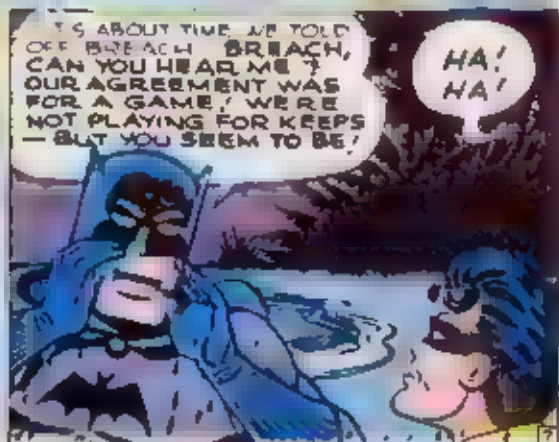
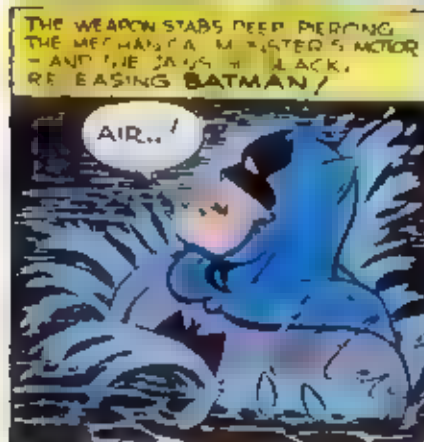
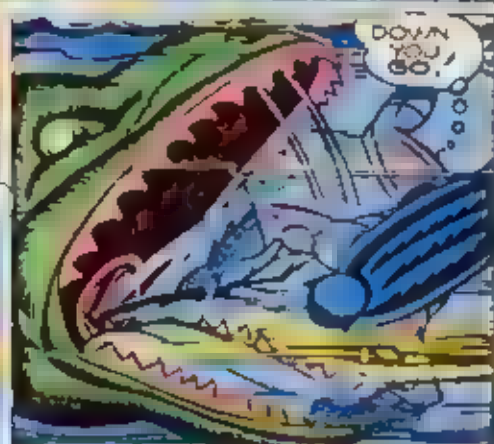
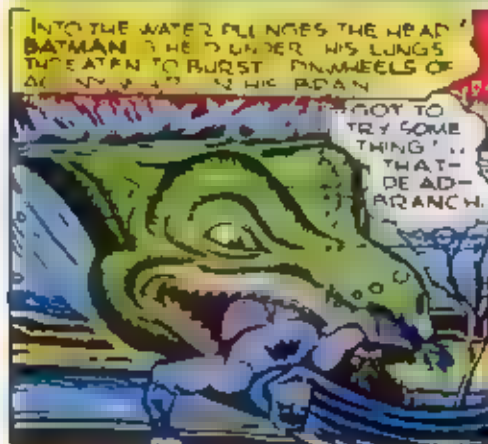
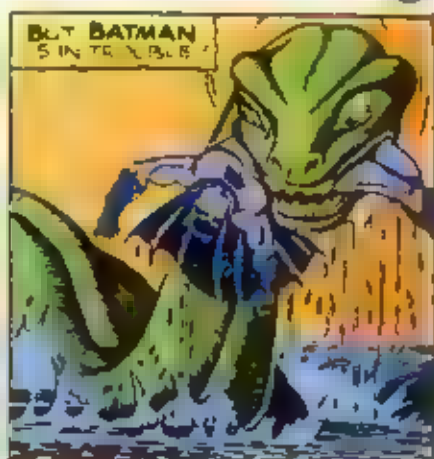


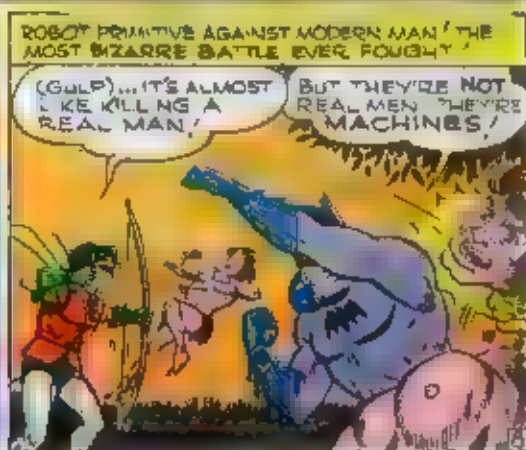
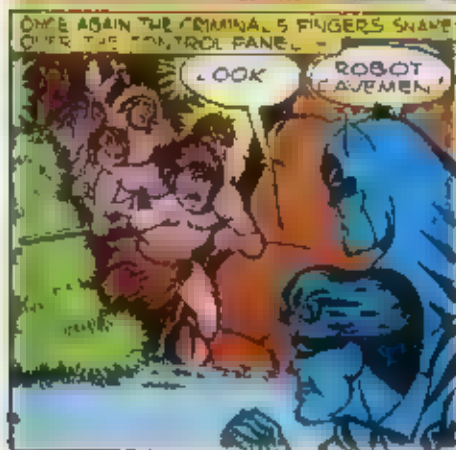
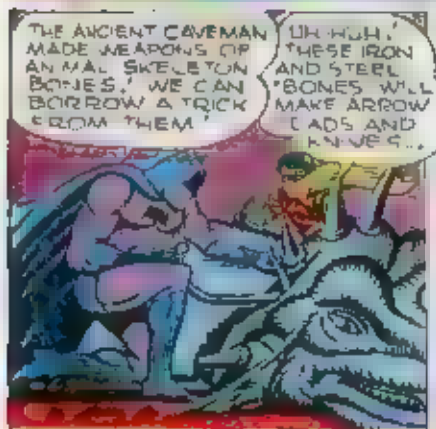
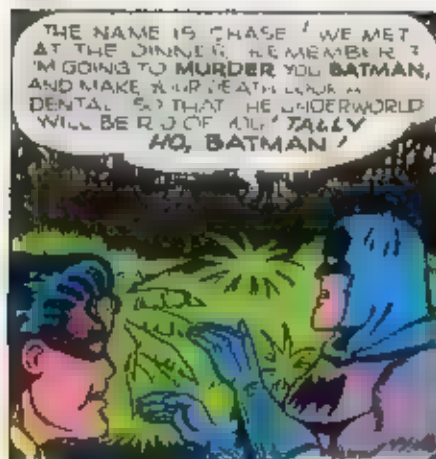




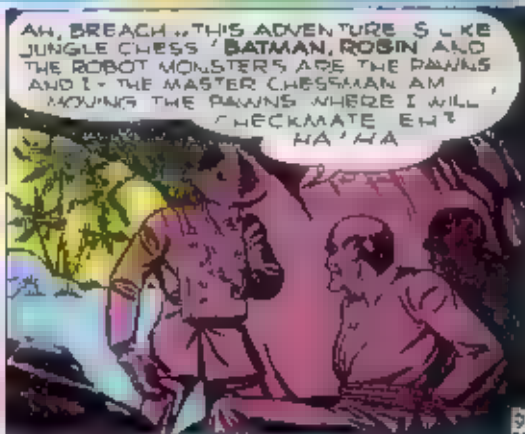
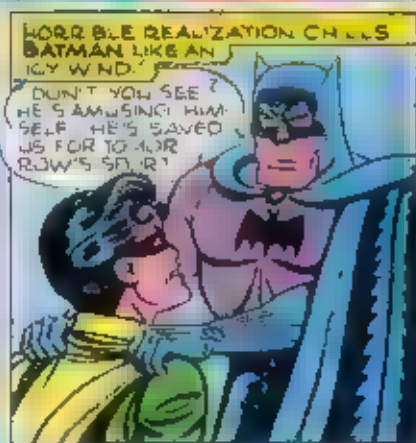
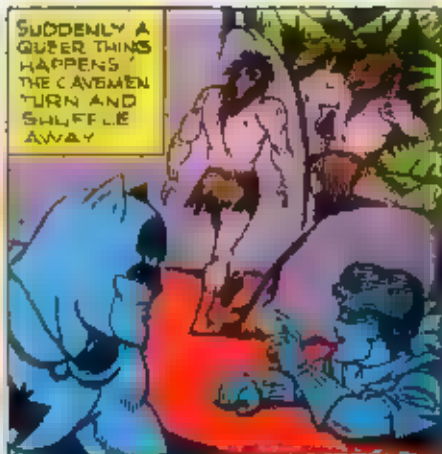












A SINGLE NIGHT CHASE SLEEPS BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN LIKE SUDDENLY AGED WILDLIFE ARE APPREHENSIVE RESTLESS...

WISH I COULD SLEEP... FUNNY, I THOUGHT I'D BE SCARED, BUT I'M NOT... GUESS WE'RE IN OVER OUR HEADS THIS TIME... BATMAN'S WORRIED... EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACT IT

ROBIN'S TAKING THIS 'PLAY'... HE'S A GREAT KID... I WON'T LET HIM DOWN... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING... WE GOT TO

IF ONLY WE HAD YOUR UTILITY BELT OR THE BATPLANE...

MAYBE WE HAVE

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ARROW LINE?

THOSE MECHANICAL PTERODACTYLS THEY'RE NOT CONTROLLED BY CHASE'S PANEL BOARD THEY FLY AUTOMATICALLY PROBABLY BY SOME ROBOT CONTROL STATION THAT WORKS AT SET INTERVALS WE CAN USE ONE OF THOSE FLYING KITES

ALL NIGHT LONG, THE TWO LABOR, WORKING AGAINST TIME, AND THEN THE DAWN

IT'S ALL IN MY HAND, BATMAN. MAYBE I OUGHT TO BE THE ONE

NO, ROBIN, I'LL HAVE TO BE THE BAIT THAT'LL LURE CHASE TO THE SPOT WE CHOSE, I'LL HAVE TO WORK - OR ELSE

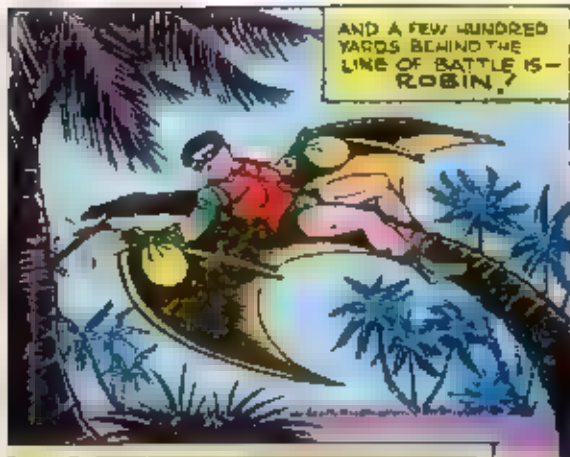
ALONE NOW BATMAN WAITS, SOON LUMBERING THROUGH THE FOREST - A PROCESSION OF THE DAWN WORLD

CURIOUSLY, BATMAN STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT, THE PREHISTORIC ARMY CLOSES IN, CUTTING OFF ESCAPE

BATMAN, ARE YOU SO PETRIFIED WITH FEAR YOU CANNOT MOVE? I DON'T BE AFRAID, YOU WILL SOON BE OUT OF YOUR MISERY

OH OH ROBIN YOU'LL BE THE BAIT





AND A FEW HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND THE LINE OF BATTLE IS—ROBIN?

ROBIN'S KNIFE SLICES THE VINE ROPE! THE SAPLING SPRINGS FREE—AND THE BOY WONDER IS CATAPULTED THROUGH THE SKY LIKE A ROCKET!

ONE ROBIN-TAKING OFF!



A HUMAN SLIDER HE PICKS UP THE STRONG WIND. SOAR NG ON T L AT LAST!

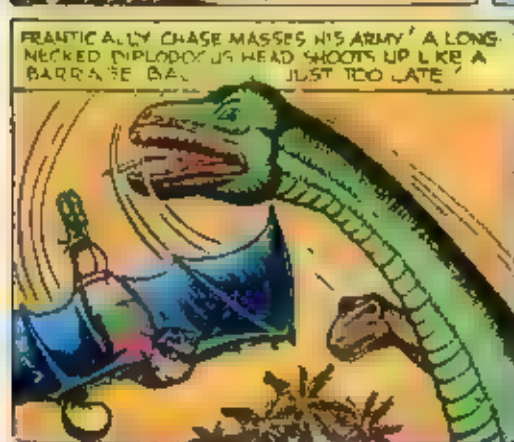
WHAT THE BAT-PLANE?

NO, BUT IT'S A REASONABLE FLYING MILE!

AERIAL ATTACK AGAINST ARMORED TANKS OF THE PAST!

WELL, I'M USED TO HIM WITH MY HOME MADE BOMB!

A BAG FILLED WITH WATER!

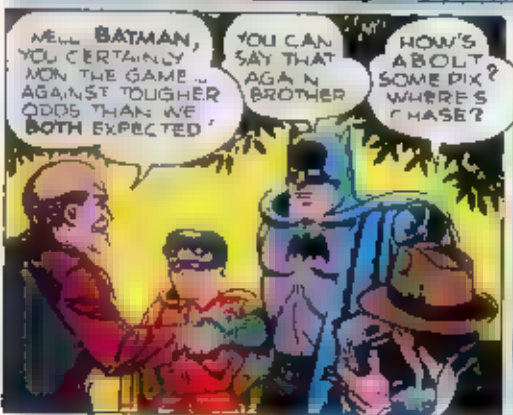
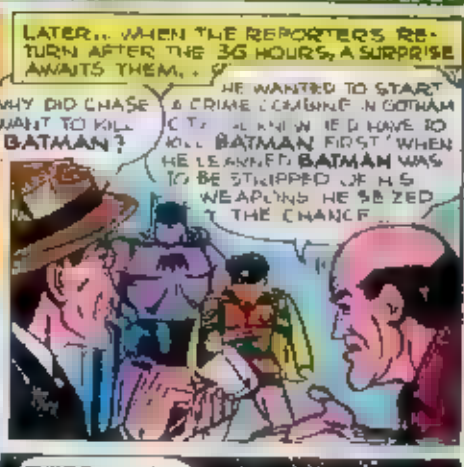
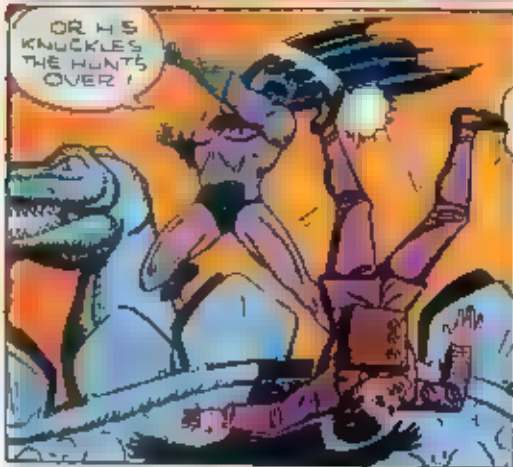
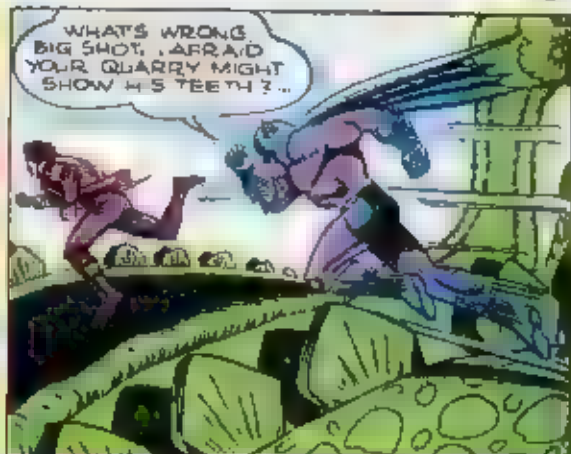


FRANTICALLY CHASE MASSES HIS ARMY! A LONG NECKED DINOPODUS HEAD SHOOTS UP LIKE A BARRAGE BAL— JUST TOO LATE!



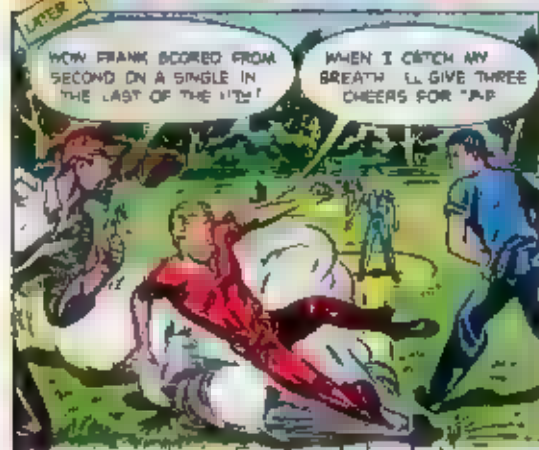
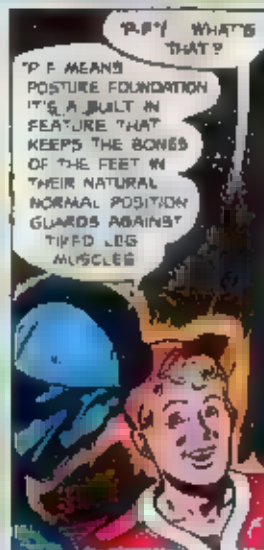
ONCE AGAIN THE HUMAN SLIDER RETURNS FOR A BOMBER ATTACK ON THIS PREHISTORIC PANZER DIVISION!

BINGO! A DIRECT HIT!



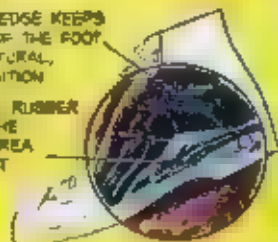


# 5-INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



## HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER

- 1 THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION
- 2 THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT



**"P-F"**

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION—A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY B.F. GOODRICH OR MOOD RUBBER COMPANY



# SCUFFY

THE TRAMP



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

## FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

DUBBLE BUBBLE 'S THE FERRIES!

LETUCE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE. AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGONE GOOD GUM!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!


NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!



# STORM INCIDENT

by Stan Carter

EDGAR JENKINS worked for Widow Watson a year before he discovered where she kept her money hidden. Quite by accident he had seen her remove it from the hiding place in her bedroom. She hadn't seen him, nor had she known that he in his other job as handyman was checking the shingles on the roof. That's how he happened to be on the ladder that afternoon. And how he happened to peer into the Widow Watson's bedroom window.

The widow was bending down  baseboard close to her bent. To Jenkins' surprise, a panel slid open. Mrs. Watson pulled out a chest, one but to that in which jewels are kept. But there was more than jewels in the box. Money, parketed it. Enough Jenkins thought, to let a man live in luxury the rest of his life. His eyes glowed evilly as he watched his aged employer remove some bills. "Probably my measly salary," Jenkins thought bitterly, "and her saying she isn't too well off!" Now to Jenkins, another mystery was explained. How Mrs. Watson had paid him every month without ever going to a bank.

He recalled, as he watched the woman carefully replace the box, how she had agreed to employ him when no one else in town would. Jenkins had just finished a term for petty larceny. Yesterday, he had visited the parole board for the last time, his year of probation was up.

Yes, he thought of those things. But his craving for money was upon him again, so they left him cold. Craftily, he studied the location of the secret button on the baseboard. "If he able to find that in the dark," he told himself. He grinned. "Maybe I'll have to."

It was a week before he had a chance to strike. He lived on the other side of town, across the drawbridge. It was only a small shanty, but Jenkins, handy with tools, had converted it into a comfortable place in which

to live. He had also managed to get himself a second-hand car. He was glad now that there had been no room in Mrs. Watson's cottage for him. She lived there with a housekeeper, Ellen Marion, aged also and almost stone deaf.

It would be ridiculously easy to get that money, Jenkins told himself. The only thing to watch out for was a possible slip-up. He had to be very careful. Caught again, he couldn't expect to get out of jail for a good many years.

His chance came when the blizzard hit Westvale. For three days it snowed, and police and firemen, as well as the highway crews, were busy trying to keep the roads open. So, in his cabin by the ice-locked river, Jenkins pulled on his pipe. Today the Chief of Police and his two men had gone over to a neighboring town, in response to a call for help.

There wasn't much traffic on the highways, either, and none on the river. Upriver Jenkins learned earlier in the day, the ice was so thick that even the icebreaker couldn't get through. Even Old Tim, who took care of the drawbridge, had been told to go home. No one expected any river craft to go through the drawbridge for days.

"Yes," Jenkins reasoned, "tonight's the night!" He puffed steadily on his pipe. It wouldn't hurt to have an n-bu, either. Maybe he'd better get into town and help the road crews.

The volunteers were glad to see him. Jenkins was a hard worker and, when evening came and the foreman suggested he go home and get some rest, the handyman complied gladly. His alibi was complete. No one would question his saying he was asleep all night. They all knew how tired he was.

The foreman clapped him on the back as

Jenkins left, thanked him profusely. "Sure nice of you to help us out, Jenkins," he said. "We appreciate it. The worst is over, I guess, according to word from upriver. We're even getting medical supplies through in Benton."

Jenkins smiled. "Glad to help. See you tomorrow," he said. "I won't be working for the widow. She told me to stay home until the storm's over." He got into his small, but powerful car. He was very tired, but happy.

They all thought he was swell, helping like that. Well, let 'em think!

Back in his shack, he fixed some soup and steaming hot coffee. He wanted to be sure he stayed awake. He looked at the ancient clock. Seven o'clock. The widow would probably go to sleep, as usual, right after Fred Allen's program. So would Mrs. Manson.

Thus, at ten-fifteen, with his car lights out, Jenkins left his shack. There was no one on the bridge. Jenkins grinned. Old Tim was probably snoring away at home. At least this storm benefited everyone.

At ten forty-five Jenkins had promised open the storm window and the regular window on Mrs. Watson's house. He made no sound as he walked upstairs to her bedroom. At the housekeeper's door, he paused. A stentorian snore greeted his ears. There'd be no trouble from the Widow Watson.

But she was a light sleeper. Jenkins, you see, had no way of knowing that. Consequently when in a tremulous voice she said, "Who's there?" and slapped on a bedlight, Jenkins acted fast. He yanked a pillow from the bed, pressed it savagely against the old lady's face. He was sure she hadn't seen him. In a moment she lay still.

Jenkins felt her heart. Still beating. "Probably fainted from fright," he told himself. He really didn't intend to kill her. Not unless she tried to keep him from getting the money.

The Widow Watson didn't. She remained in a faint, while Jenkins stole her hidden board. Her eyes were shut closed as he tiptoed softly downstairs and out to his car. There, he gasped. Snow was falling again. A good omen! It

would obliterate any tracks his car would make.

He got in. Now, he was forced to put on his lights. Well as he knew the roads, he couldn't proceed in the dark against the blinding snow. It remained now for him to get back to his shack as quickly as possible.

He swung the car toward the river road. To his left, a deep-throated bellow sounded in his ears, but so great was Jenkins' excitement over the money he had on the seat alongside him that he failed to realize the sound's significance.

The car's wheels crunched along the snow at a rapid clip. The headlights knifed through the night. In another few minutes, Jenkins told himself, he'd be home. And safe with a lot of money.

Suddenly, he started. Just a few hundred feet ahead of the drawbridge a figure, heavily clothed, was waving a flashlight at him. The figure stood near a stalled car. Jenkins gritted his teeth. "The fool," he thought, "getting stalled and expecting help on a night like this." Well, he wouldn't help him, he thought wildly.

Quickly, he snapped off the lights of his car, gunned the engine. In another minute he'd be across the drawbridge, swallowed up in the storm. The unfortunate motorist would never be able to identify the car that flashed by. He could almost see the consternation on the motorist's face as the car went by. He smiled. Well, it was all over now. Another second and he'd be over the drawbridge.

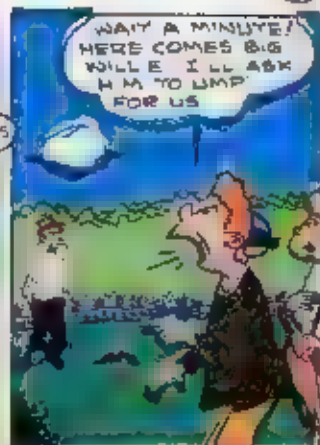
Then he screamed as he felt himself falling . . . falling . . .

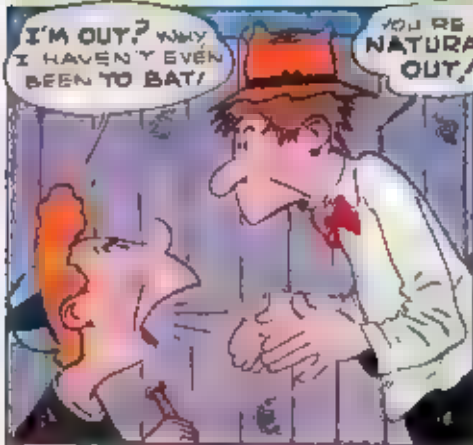
The icy waters closed over him. Over the car. Over the stolen money.

"I don't know who it is," Old Tim explained to the Chief of Police a half hour later. "But he wouldn't stop for my signal. I tried to tell him the drawbridge wasn't closed, that it froze open after we let the ice breaker through with medical supplies!"

The Chief of Police shivered. "Poor fellow," he said.











# ***HURRY! HURRY!***

## **START YOUR NEW SERIES OF COMIC BUTTONS**

**Get a Funny-Paper Character As A  
GIFT In Every Package OF KELLOGG'S PEP!**

**12 NEW PIN-ON BUTTONS.** They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on the metal pin-on buttons. Push on away; collect and pin to your jacket, sweater and blouse.

**Be the first of your class.** Be the first to own a complete set of 12 buttons.

All you do is ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP. And there in the package is your prize comic button attached to cardboard. They're printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What a grand collection they make. Hurry, hurry! Get started on your collection.

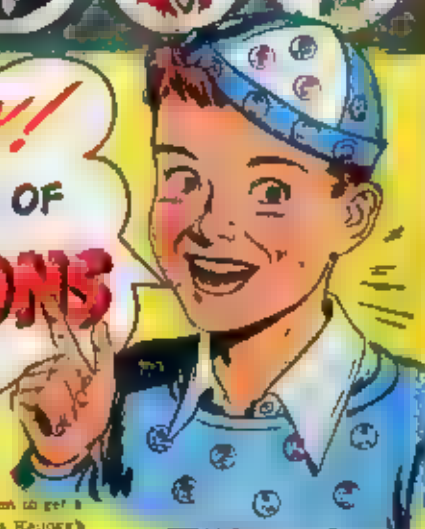
**12 MORE OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS**

**BAGWOOD  
BUNCHIE  
HOGG  
HANE**

**FRITZ  
WAGGIE  
FOREYE  
DIVE ON  
LITTLE KING**

**POP LINDS  
JIMMY TRACY  
ANDY GUMP  
DON WINSLOW  
UNCLE WILLY**

**LOUIE  
LOUIE  
BOP  
WILLIE  
SUPERMAN**



**LISTEN TO**

# **SUPERMAN**

Time in every day Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.




BATMEN



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**



DID YOU EVER STOP TO WONDER EXACTLY WHAT MAKES A BATMAN STORY? NOT JUST THE IMAGINATIONS OF A WRITER, AN EDITOR AND AN ARTIST AS YOU MIGHT THINK! HUMAN EXPERIENCE... INVESTIGATION AND RESEARCH... A BASIS OF REAL LIFE DRAMA. THESE ARE SOME OF THE INGREDIENTS... AND WHEN BRUCE WAYNE'S YOUNG PARTNER GOES LITERARY IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD FIND HIS MATERIAL IN THE ACTUAL ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN. AS WITNESS THIS EXCITING TALE OF

*"Dick Grayson, AUTHOR!"*





IN THE LIBRARY OF THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

SOME PRETTY  
EXCITING STUFF  
IN THOSE COMICS  
MAGAZINES, EH,  
DICK?

MMM...

CRESCENT  
COMICS

THEY'RE  
EXCITING—  
BUT SOME  
OF THE  
STORIES  
AREN'T VERY  
TRUE TO  
LIFE!

AN INTERESTING  
CRITIC SA, ESPECIALLY  
SINCE JIM HALE, THE  
EDITOR OF CRESCENT  
COMICS, IS A FRIEND  
OF MINE.

WE BEEN GOING  
TO CALL ON HIM  
FOR SOME TIME,  
WHY NOT COME  
WITH ME AND  
GIVE HIM THE  
BENEFIT OF YOUR  
REACTION?

OK BOY!  
I ALWAYS  
WANTED TO  
VISIT A  
COMICS  
EDITOR!

AND SO  
PRESENTLY

THIS IS JIM HALE,  
THE BEST EDITOR  
IN THE BUSINESS!

HELLO BRUCE  
OLD BOY!

SO YOU'RE DICK GRAYSON!  
BRUCE TELLS ME YOU'VE  
BEEN FINDING FAULT WITH  
MY COMICS!

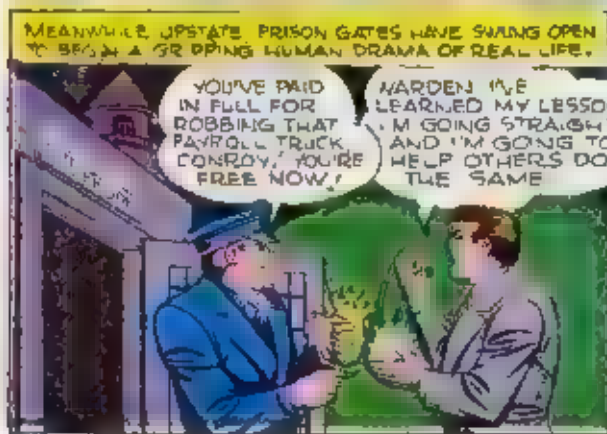
WELL, NOT VERY  
MUCH.  
ONLY SOME  
OF THE STORIES  
DON'T SEEM  
REAL!

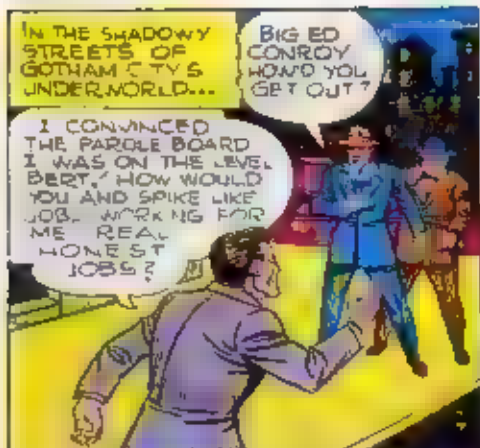
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!  
ANYWAY, SINCE YOU FEEL THAT WAY—  
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME A  
STORY?

LOOKS  
AS IF  
YOU'RE ON  
THE SPOT,  
DICK!

HUH?  
ME?







IN THE SHADY  
STREETS OF  
GOTHAM CITY'S  
UNDERWORLD...

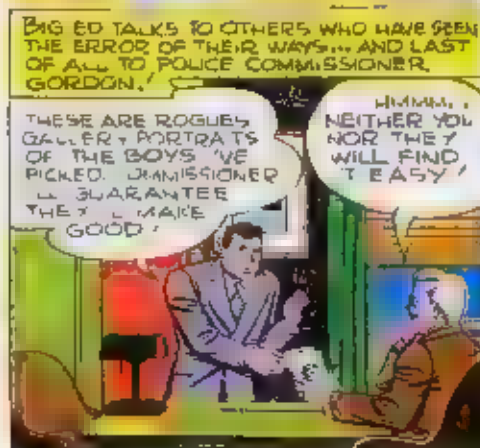
BIG ED  
CONROY  
HOW'D YOU  
GET OUT?

I CONVINCED  
THE PAROLE BOARD  
I WAS ON THE LEVEL.  
BERT, HOW WOULD  
YOU AND SPIKE LIKE  
JOB... WORKING FOR  
ME. REAL  
HONEST  
JOBS?



IT'S THE  
BREAK I BEEN  
LOOKING FOR.

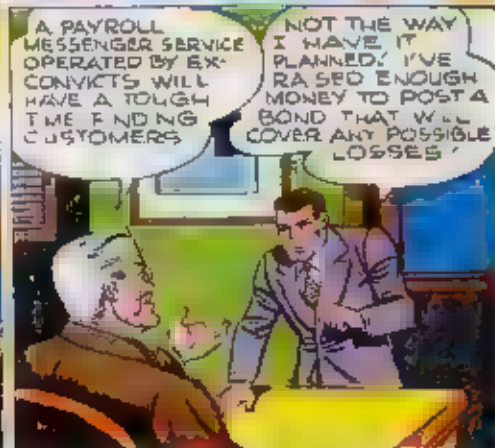
ME TOO! SINCE I  
GOT OUT OF SYR  
NOBODY LI GVE  
ME A JOB-AN  
I'VE GOT A WIFE  
AN' TWO KIDS TO  
SUPPORT!



BIG ED TALKS TO OTHERS WHO HAVE SEEN  
THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS... AND LAST  
OF ALL TO POLICE COMMISSIONER  
GORDON.

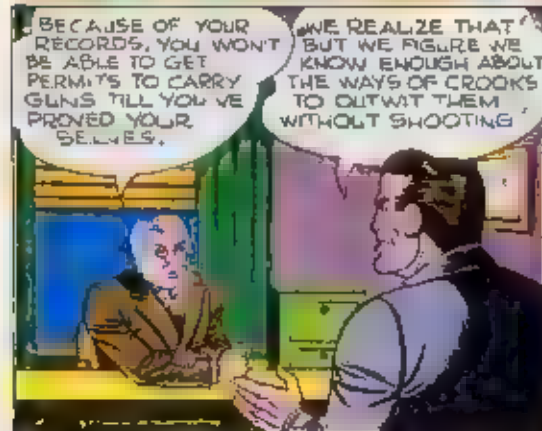
THESE ARE ROGUES  
GALLERY PORTRAITS  
OF THE BOYS I'VE  
PICKED. COMMISSIONER  
I GUARANTEE  
THEY'LL MAKE  
GOOD.

HEMM...  
NEITHER YOU  
NOR THEY  
WILL FIND  
IT EASY!



A PAYROLL  
MESSENGER SERVICE  
OPERATED BY EX-  
CONVICTS WILL  
HAVE A TOUGH  
TIME FINDING  
CUSTOMERS.

NOT THE WAY  
I HAVE IT  
PLANNED! I'VE  
RAISED ENOUGH  
MONEY TO POST A  
BOND THAT WILL  
COVER ANY POSSIBLE  
LOSSES.



BECAUSE OF YOUR  
RECORDS, YOU WON'T  
BE ABLE TO GET  
PERMITS TO CARRY  
GUNS TILL YOU'VE  
PROVED YOUR  
SELVES.

WE REALIZE THAT,  
BUT WE FIGURE WE  
KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT  
THE WAYS OF CROOKS  
TO OUTWIT THEM  
WITHOUT SHOOTING.



IN THAT CASE,  
YOU'VE GOT  
THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT'S  
OKAY! GO  
AHEAD-AND  
GOOD LUCK.

THANKS  
COMMISSIONER!  
I KNEW WE  
COULD COUNT  
ON YOU ONCE  
YOU WERE  
CONVINCED WE  
WERE SINCERE.



AND SO I BORN THE SECURITY MESSENGER SERVICE, BUT ONE NIGHT ..

WHERE DOES THAT GUY THINK HE'S GOIN'?

HE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE, WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



NOW WE GOT 'EM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT 'EM SNAPPER

AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME ..

IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! A WHOLE WEEK NOW, AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE GHOST OF AN IDEA FOR A STORY

LISTEN THE POLICE, RADIO!

ALL MIDTOWN SCOUT CARS - ATTENTION!



ARMORED TRUCK IN ACCIDENT AT SEVENTH AND FOREST! CITIZENS REPORT ARMED THUGS ON SCENE, MAY BE HOLDUP

THAT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM HERE! LET'S SEE F BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN'T TANGLE WITH THOSE GUNMEN!

CAN DO!

POLICE CARS STREAK TOWARD THE SCENE - BUT THIS ONE NEVER GETS THERE!

THEM COPPERS WON'T BOTHER NOBODY FOR AWHILE!

AND THIS ONE'S DROWNED OUT, SO TO SPEAK

DIS A NEW WAY TO COOL 'EM OFF!

I CAN'T SEE!





WITH THE HUGE VAN AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH CUTS THROUGH THE TRUCK'S ARMOR LIKE A KNIFE SLICING BUTTER!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE GUARDS IN THE TRUCK, SMOKEY! THE CRASH KNOCKED 'EM BOTH COLD!

CHEE DUKE D'S IS AS SORT A WAYO GRABBIN' OO GRAND AS I KNOW!

BUT, HIGH OVER THE STREET TWO SHADY FIGURES PREPARE TO DISPUTE THE ISSUE

SOMEHOW THE Y'VE MAN JED TO KEEP THE POLICE AWAY ROBIN— SO THIS S'APT TO BE A TOUGH JOB

I COULDN'T BE TOUGHER THAN WRITING A STORY

A SPINE-TINGLING SWOOP

YIIII!  
DE BATMAN!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME!

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY.

SMART-ALACK! I'LL FIX YA!

DID YOU FORGET THE BATMAN'S JUNIOR PARTNER, RAT?

BEAUTIFUL TIMING, ROBIN.

AS THE THUGS INSIDE THE VAN START OUT WITH THE R LOOT.

DUKE RYALL THE BIG-TIME MOBSTER AS I LIVE AND BREATHE

YOU WON'T BE DOIN' THAT VERY LONG BRAT.

NOBODY CAN  
RESIST HARD CASH!  
HA HA!

DOOH-H-H.

FOR YEARS  
I DREAMED  
O SLAPPIN'  
DOWN DA  
**SATMAN**—  
AN NOW ME  
DREAMS COME  
TRUE!

A POLICE ~~WREN~~  
COMING THIS WAY  
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE  
FAST SMOKEY

REE-EEF-EEF

THE POLICE ARE  
HERE BUT DUKE  
AND SMOKEY WILL BE  
BLOCKS AWAY WITH  
THE JOOT, SO YOU  
AND I WILL PAY A  
VISIT TO AN OLD  
FRIEND

M NEAK  
BUT WILL IG  
WHICH FRIEND  
WILL IT BE?

REMEMBER  
BILLY C. NEUT  
HE'S THE  
BOYS OF  
THIS PAYROLL  
TRANSPORT  
COMPANY!

YOU BET I REMEM-  
BER HIM WHAT A  
TIME WE HAD AT  
HIS HOUSE CE ID JU  
HIM TO PR VICE IN THE  
COURT PLACE

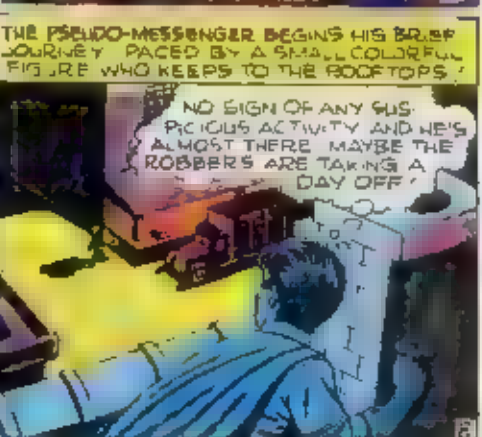
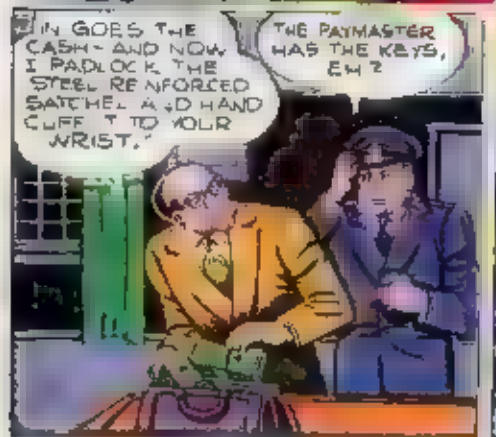
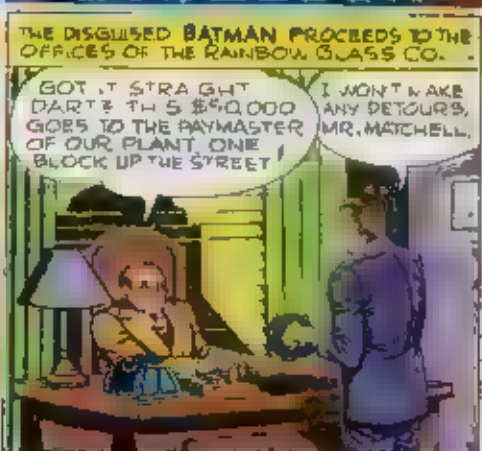
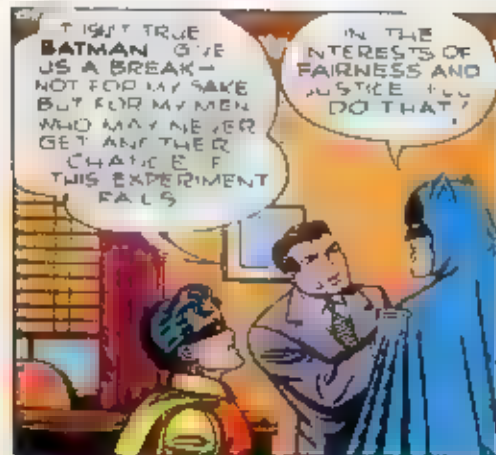
SECURITY  
SERVICE

BATMAN!  
ROBIN!  
I WAS JUST  
WONDERING  
HOW I COULD  
GET IN TOUCH  
WITH YOU!

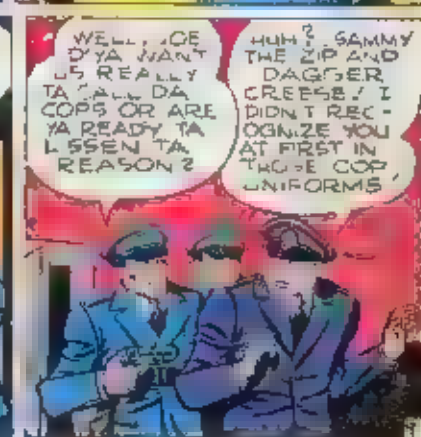
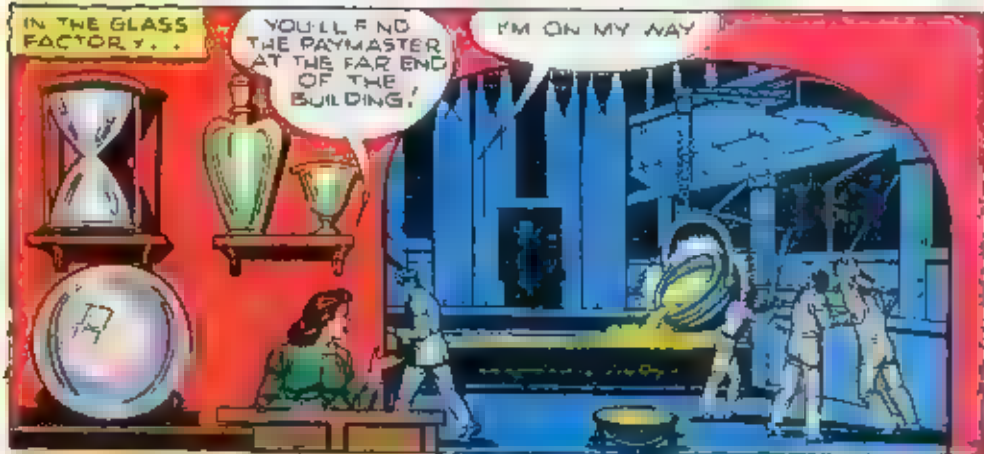
SO YOU KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO YOUR  
ARMORED TRUCK?

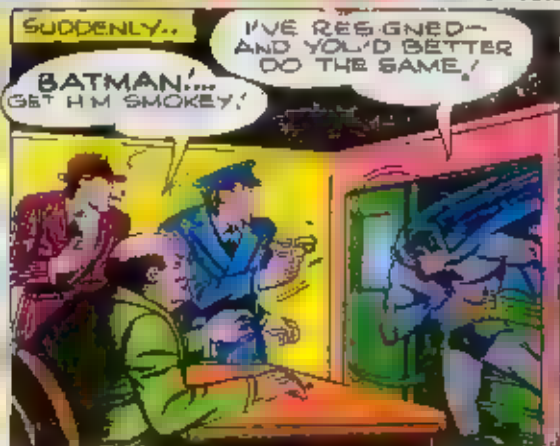
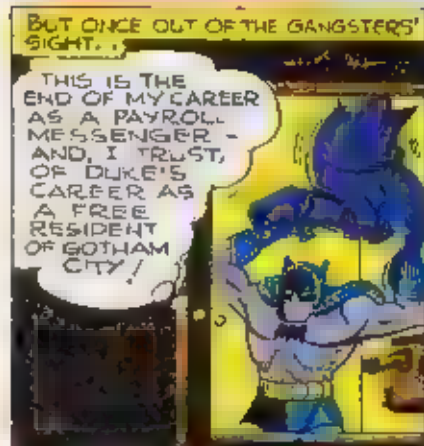
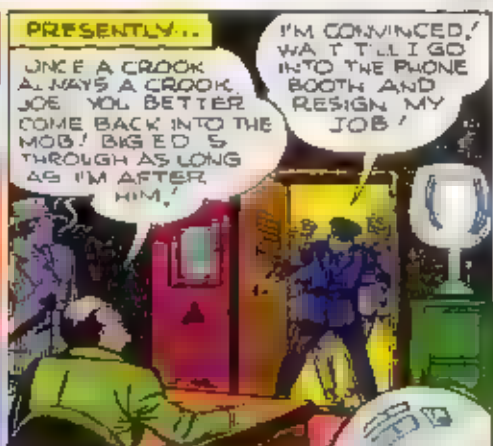
YES .AND I ALSO  
KNOW THE COPS  
WILL SUSPECT  
ME AND MY  
BOYS. BECAUSE  
OF OUR RECORDS  
IT COULD RUIN  
US!

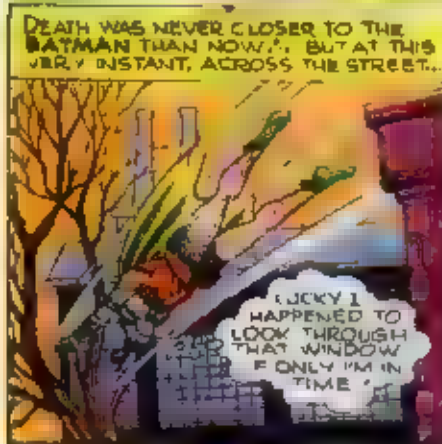
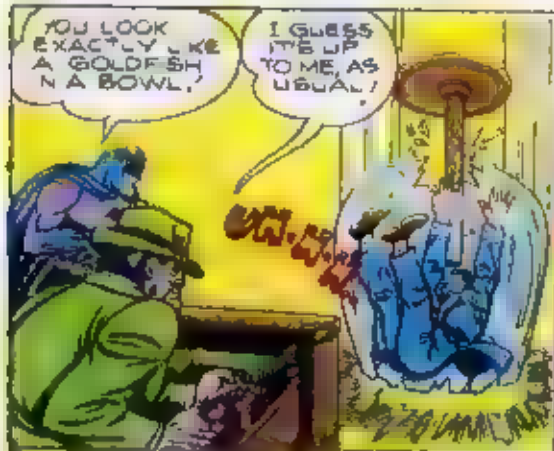
IT IS SUSPICIOUS  
CONROY ESPEC-  
IALLY SINCE  
THE JOB WAS  
PULLED BY  
DUKE RYALL  
YOUR PARTNER  
WHEN YOU WERE  
AN OUTLAW



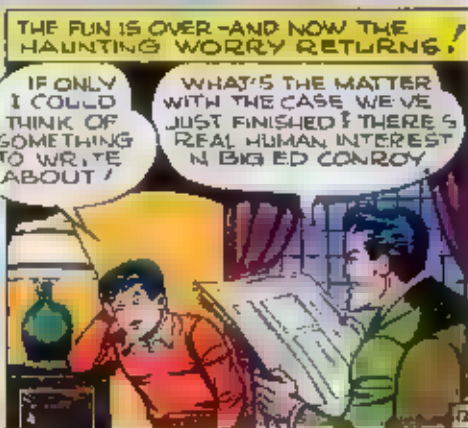
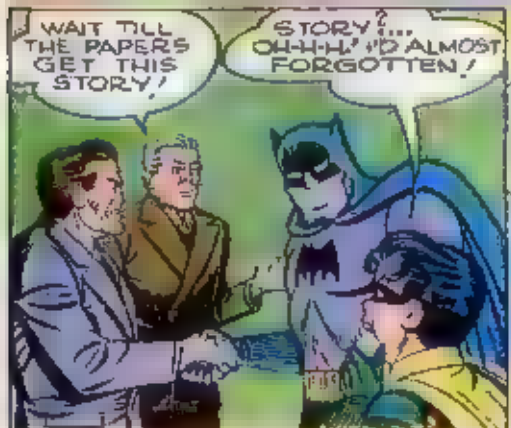
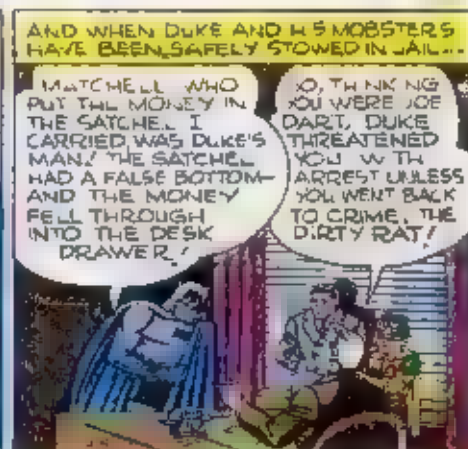
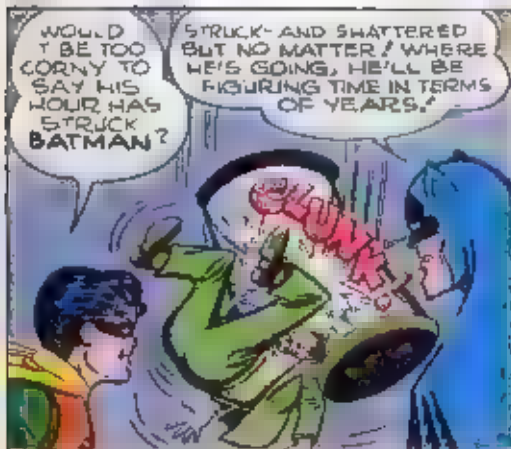


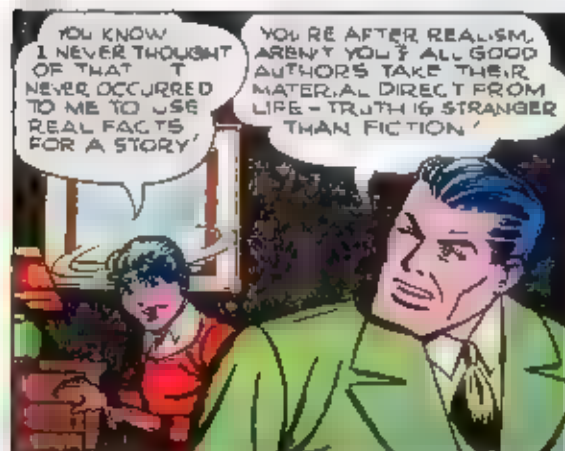








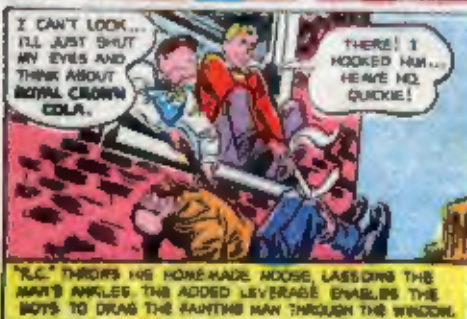






# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

## DRAMA ABOVE THE STREETS!

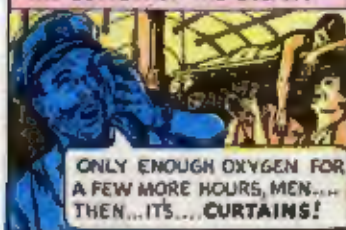




# How THOM McAN SAVED THE SUNKEN SUB

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

ENGINE TROUBLE HAS STRANDED THE SUBMARINE "NEPTUNE" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!



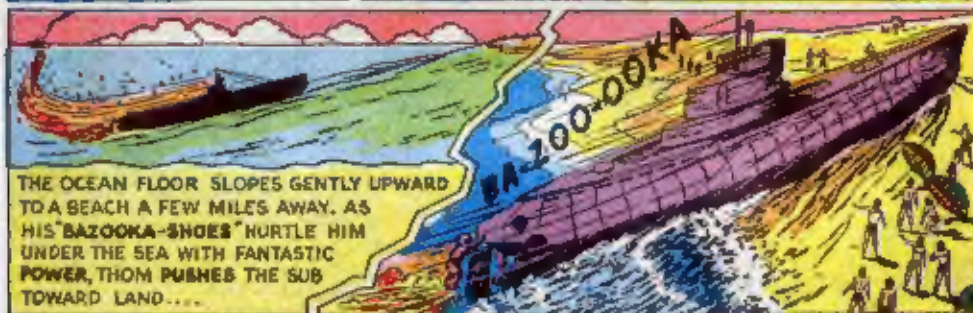
ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN FOR A FEW MORE HOURS, MEN... THEN... IT'S... CURTAINS!

ABOVE THE SURFACE

WE'VE LOCATED THE SUB ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN-- BUT IT WOULD TAKE DAYS TO HAUL HER UP!



WOW! QUICK, H! PUMP THE STRONGEST "SUPER POWER COMPOUND" INTO MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES" WHILE I CLIMB INTO THIS DIVER'S SUIT. I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SUB!



THE OCEAN FLOOR SLOPES GENTLY UPWARD TO A BEACH A FEW MILES AWAY. AS HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" HURTLE HIM UNDER THE SEA WITH FANTASTIC POWER, THOM PUSHES THE SUB TOWARD LAND...

...AND THEN THE WHOLE CREW PILED OUT, SAFE AND SOUND, AND CARRIED ME ON THEIR SHOULDERS.



NEXT DAY

GOSH! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN AS EXCITING AS A NEW PAIR OF THOM McAN SHOES

COME ON, I'LL GET THE CAPTAIN TO SHOW US THRU THE SUB.



WHEW!

WALKING THRU THIS SOFT SAND IN MY OLD SHOES TIRES MY FEET. I WISH I'D WORN MY THOM McAN'S.

WAIT, NOW I'VE GOT A HOLE IN MY SHOE.



MAYBE NOW YOU'LL KNOW NEVER TO WEAR ANYTHING BUT THOM McAN'S.



SHUCKS, I'VE GOT TO GO HOME, MY FEET HURT!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T TOUR THE SUB WITH US, LAD. COME AGAIN TOMORROW IN YOUR THOM McAN'S.

GEE, THAT WAS GREAT FUN GOING THRU THE SUBMARINE!



KEEP UP WITH ME, BILLY, AND WE'LL HAVE FUN EVERY DAY. AND THE WAY TO KEEP UP IS ALWAYS TO WEAR THE SHOES THAT NEVER LET YOU DOWN... THOM McAN'S!

WHY DOES 'H' NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE 'H' IN 'THOM McAN'-- ALWAYS SILENT! (THE 'H' IS SILENT BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

## Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

# Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



**SECRET POCKET**

**Only \$2.98**

**CLOSED**

**Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold  
You've Ever Seen at This Low Price.**

You've never known real billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-A-Round" Zipper Billfold. It has the same Zipper Buckle as the Billfold Change Over, its money compartment, its secret pocket for extra valuables. A versatile companion for every man who likes to carry with him. Features of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just send coupon and pay balance on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



**Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 924-B  
300 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

I enclose this coupon for the Zipper Billfold. I will pay balance only \$2.98 plus tax. Please send me the billfold and I will pay the balance on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY) .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

Please also pay billfold order at post-  
man's return receipt.

**BOYS!  
MEN!**

# PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98

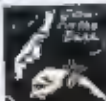
**New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial**

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 60° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This compass, with wrist style, Luminous Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the exceptionally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

**EXAMINE  
FOR 10 DAYS  
AT OUR RISK**

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable compass.

**SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk money-back guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



**Here Are  
the Features  
Which Make This  
"America's Greatest  
Compass Buy"**

- Luminous Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shockproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 246-B  
300 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

I enclose this coupon for the Plastic Compass. I will pay balance only \$1.98 plus tax. Please send me the compass and I will pay the balance on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

Please also pay compass order at post-  
man's return receipt.



**FOR BOY SCOUTS**



**FOR CAMPING**



**FOR HUNTING**



# LIGHTER MOMENTS

with  
**fresh** *Dated*  
Eveready  
Batteries

APR 17 1946

For a time, you had to  
take whoever flashlight  
batteries you could get!

But that time has passed.  
"Eveready" Flashlight  
Batteries are back. Ask for  
them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed.  
Flashlight batteries may  
look alike on the outside,  
but that similarity is only  
skin-deep. There are im-  
portant differences *inside*  
every "Eveready" Battery  
— differences that mean  
longer life!

Fresh  
**DATED BATTERIES**  
Last Longer  
each for the date you



# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trademark  
of National Carbon Company Inc.